



he merchant leapt about the forest until he found a path. As the Beast had promised, it led right to his doorstep, where Bunny was planting flowers.

Sadly, the merchant gave the rosebud to Bunny. "Oh, Father, it's lovely," she said. "Where did you find it?"

"Where are my presents?" demanded Thistle from the doorway.

"They must be in his bag!" said Thorna. Shetore open the bag and found satin gowns, silk slippers, and sparkling jewels.

Surprised, the merchant told his daughters everything—including the fact that the gowns, slippers, and jewels must have come from the castle. Last of all, he told them of his promise to the Beast.



"I'm not going," snapped Thistle, "even if this Beast does give nice presents."

"Bunny should go," sulked Thorna. "She wanted the rose that got you into this mess."

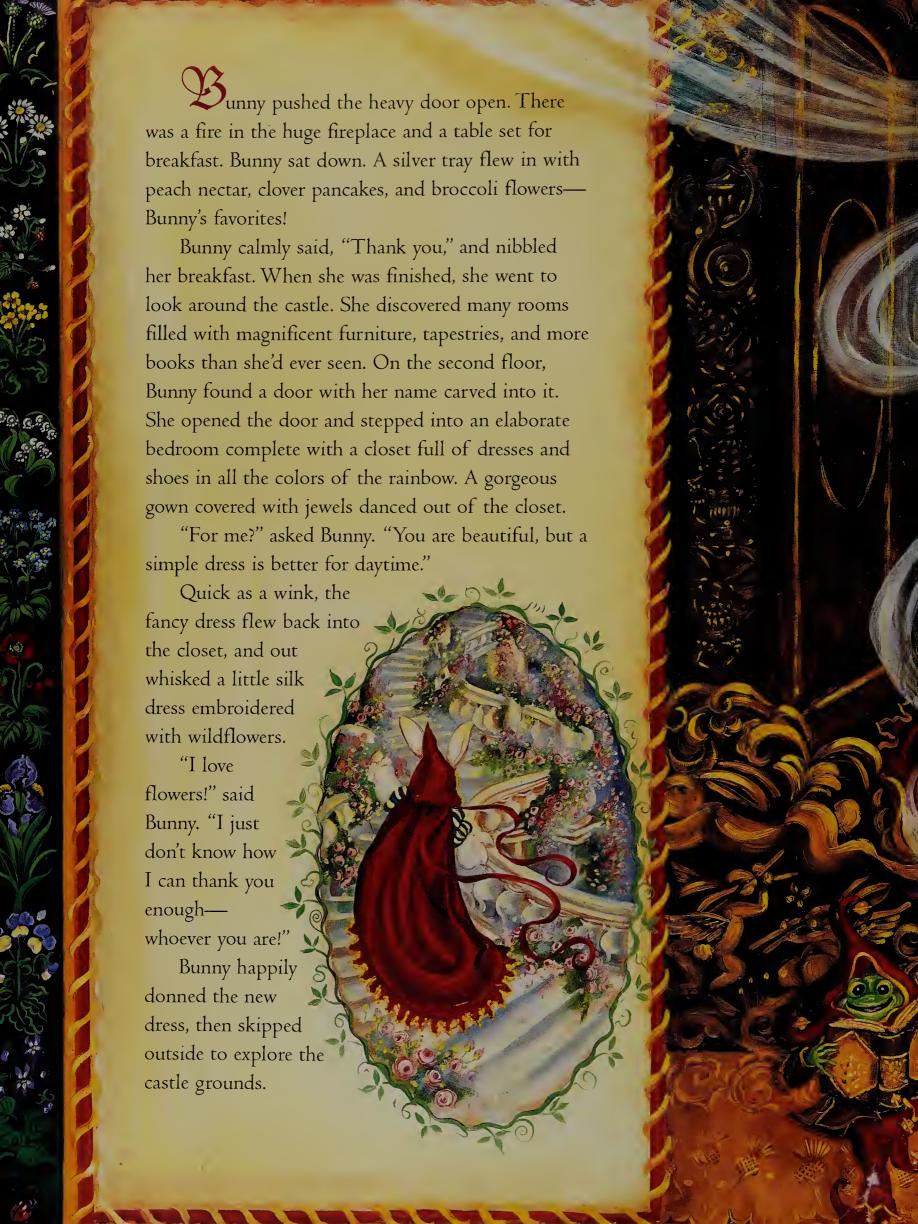
"I will go," Bunny said quietly, patting her father's paw.

Early in the morning, when the moon was still up, Bunny hopped silently out of the house. A shower of rose petals fluttered from the sky and settled on the ground before her. Bunny bravely walked along the petal path into the dark shadows of the forest.

At last she came to the shining castle of the Beast. The petal path led right up to the door!









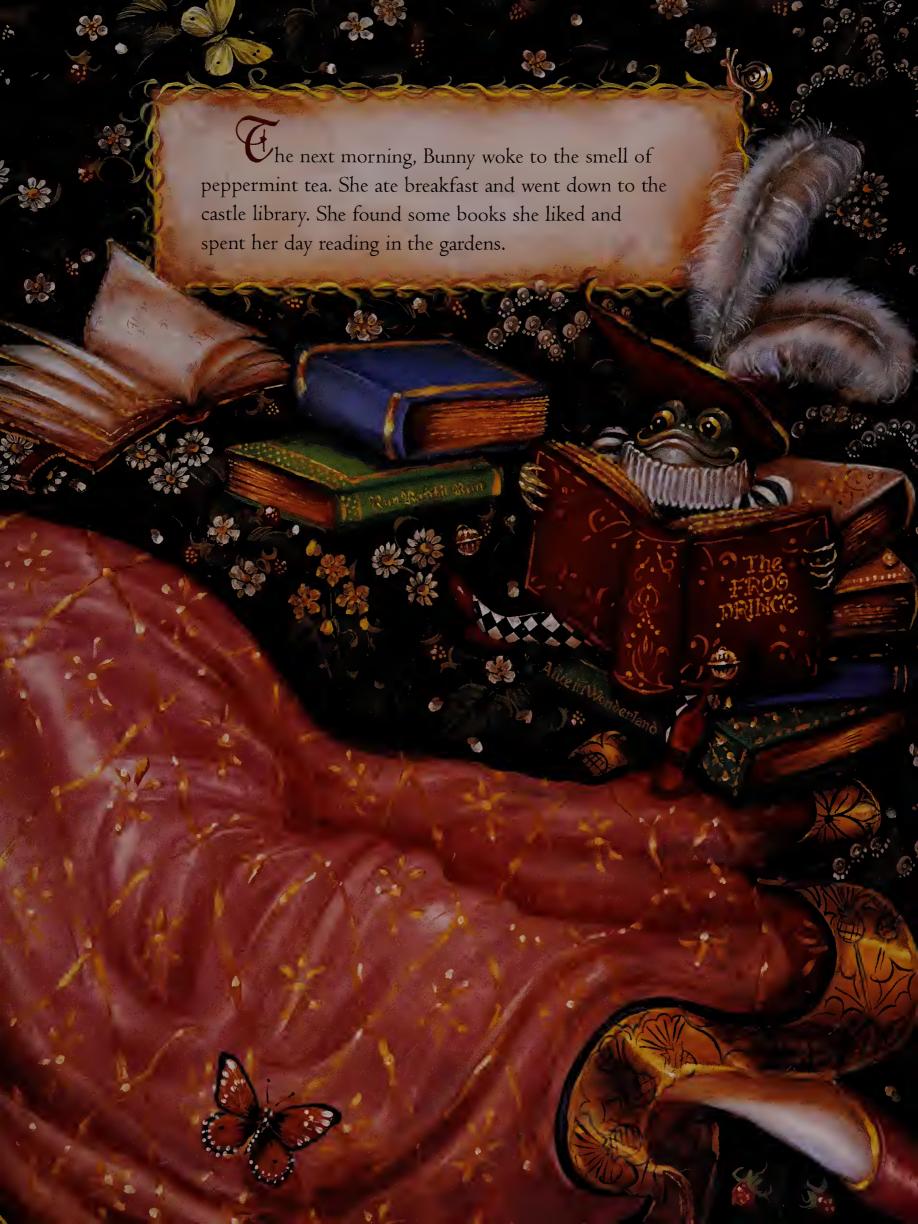


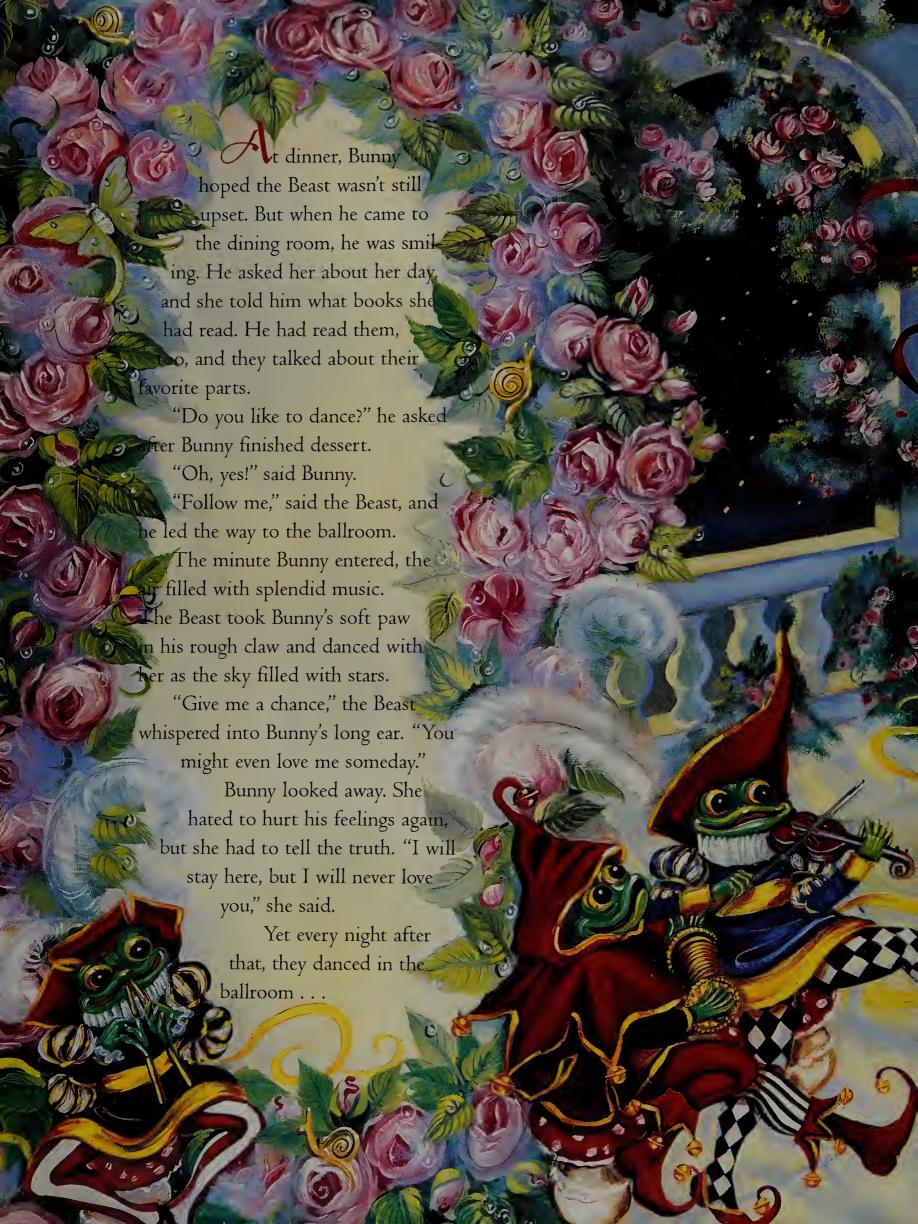






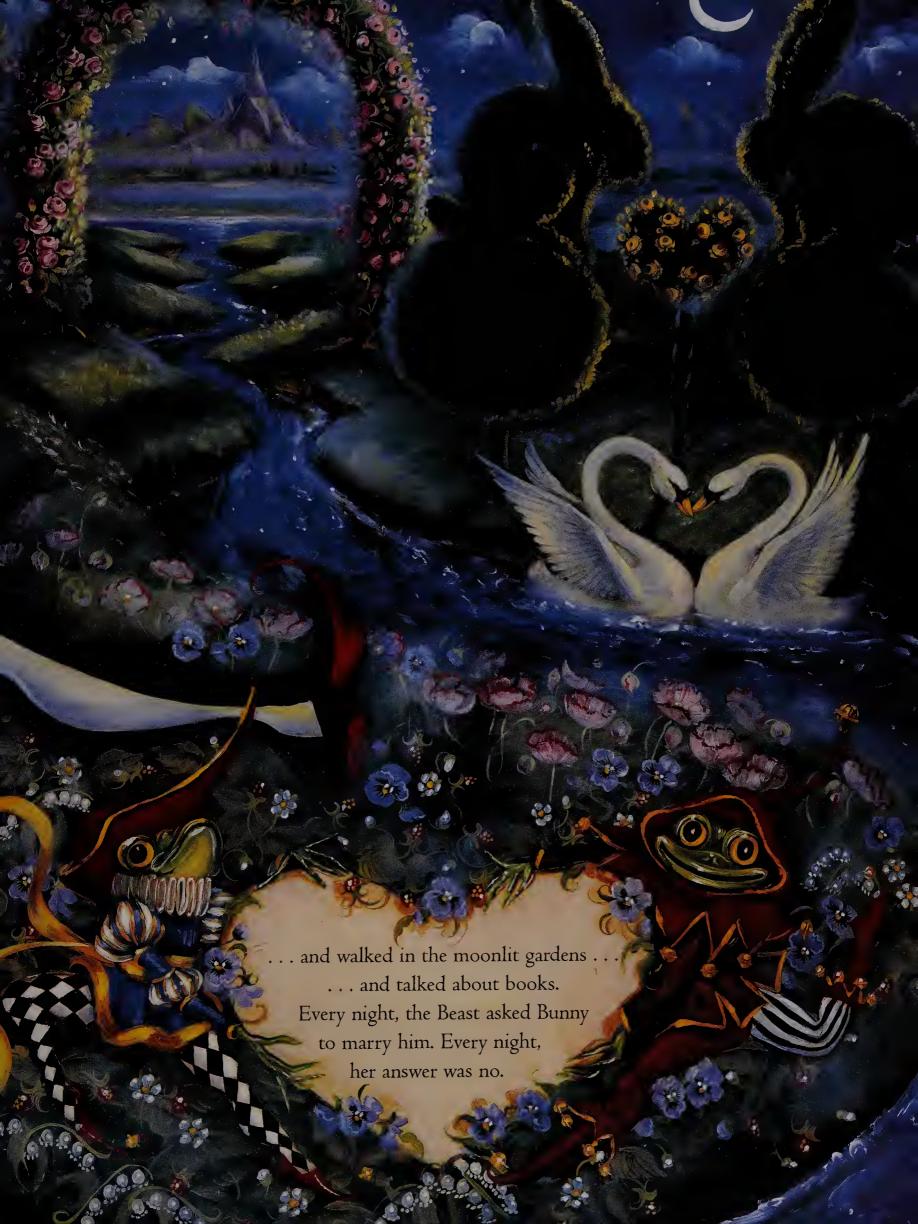




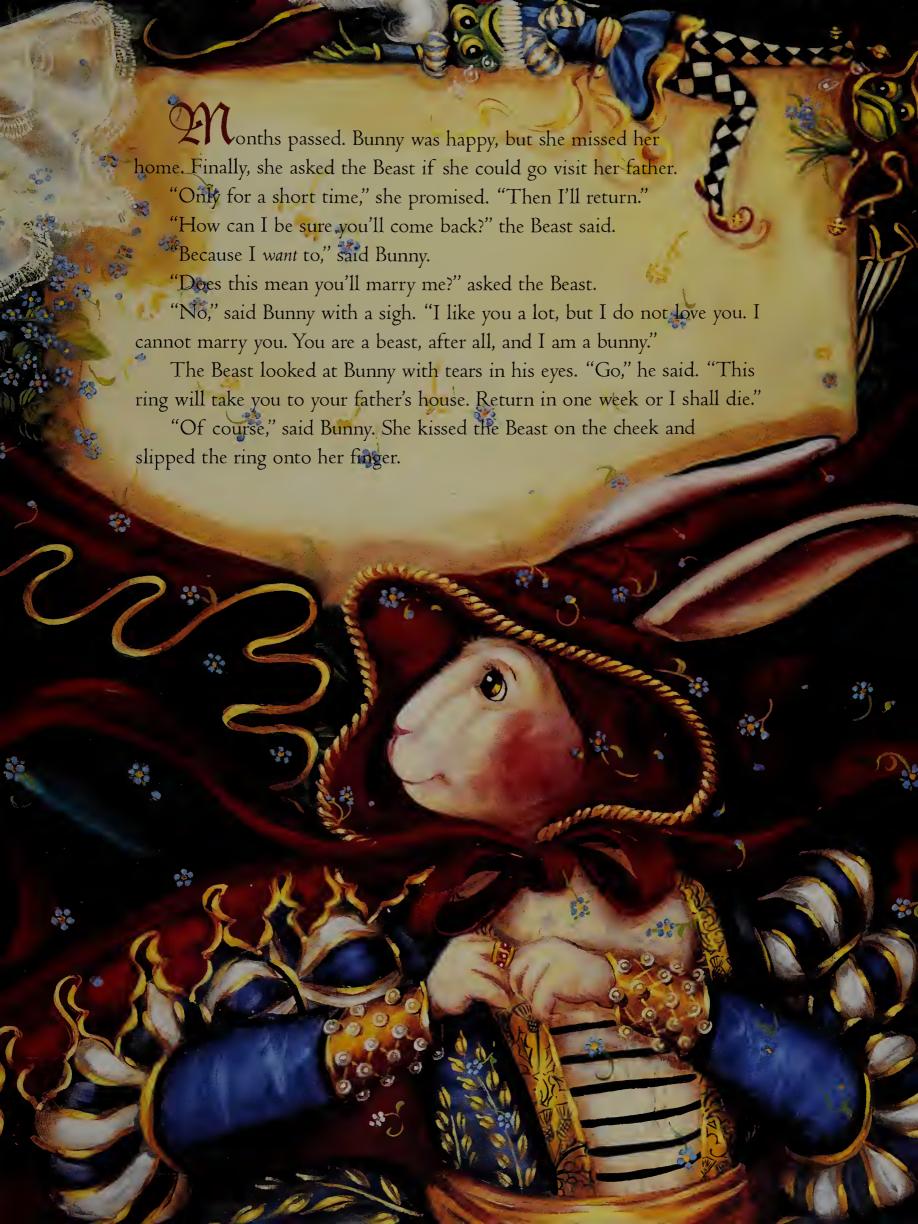




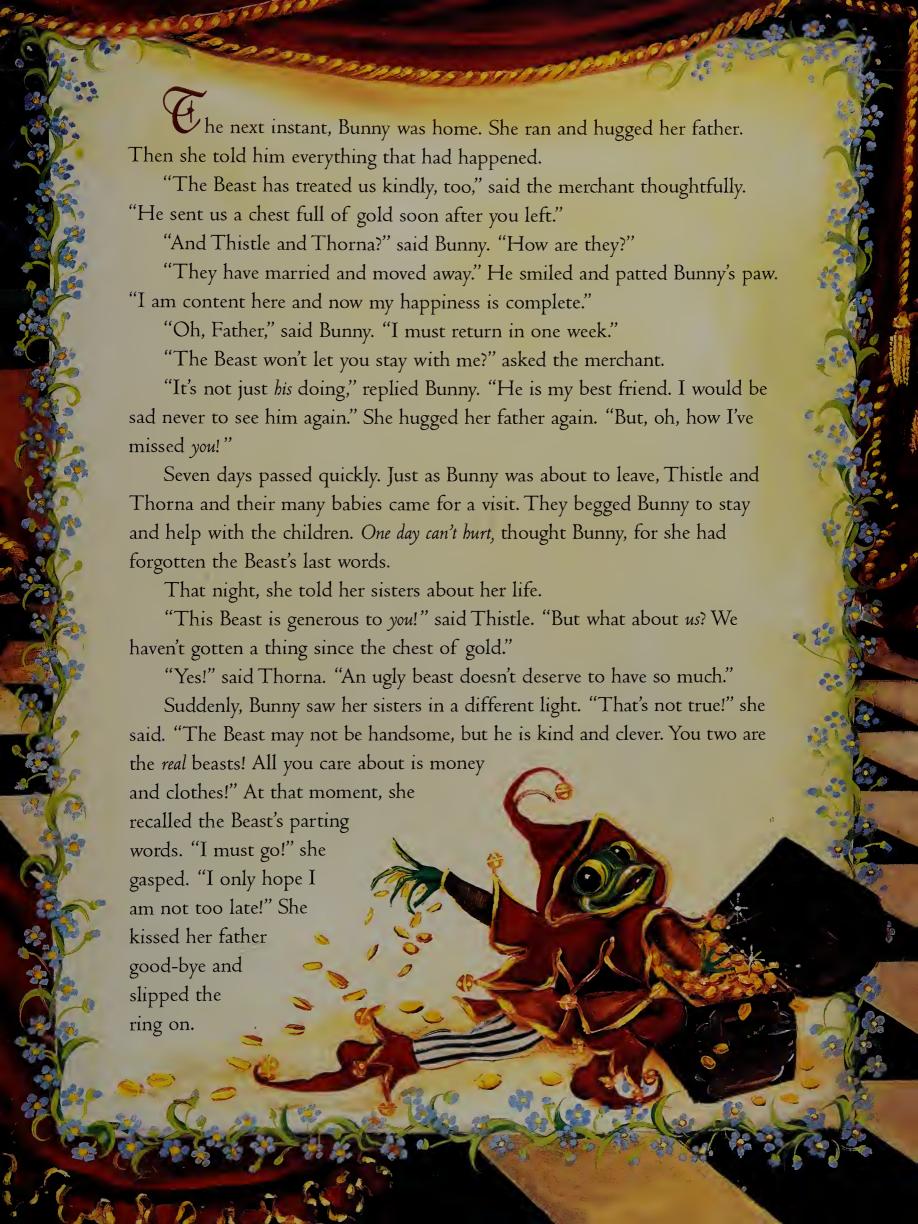


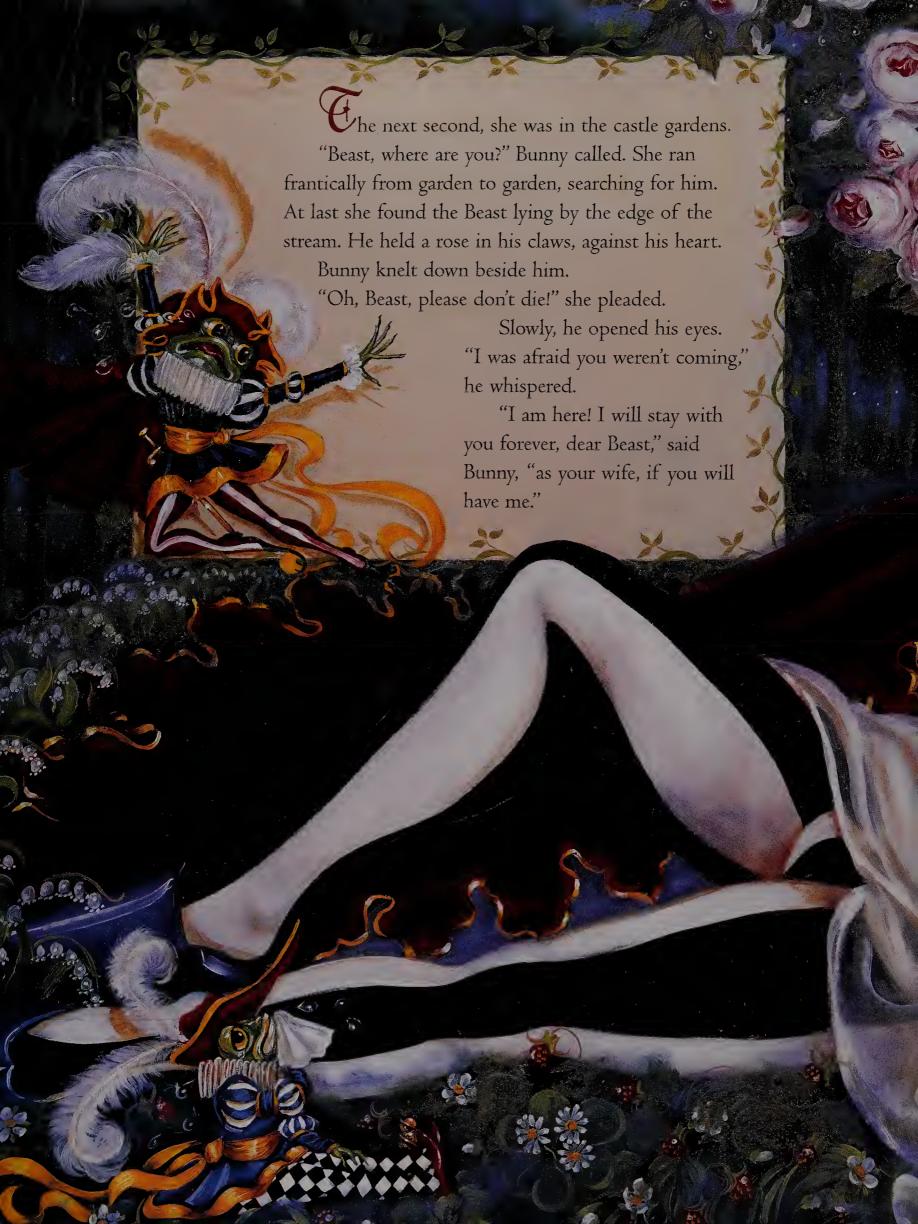




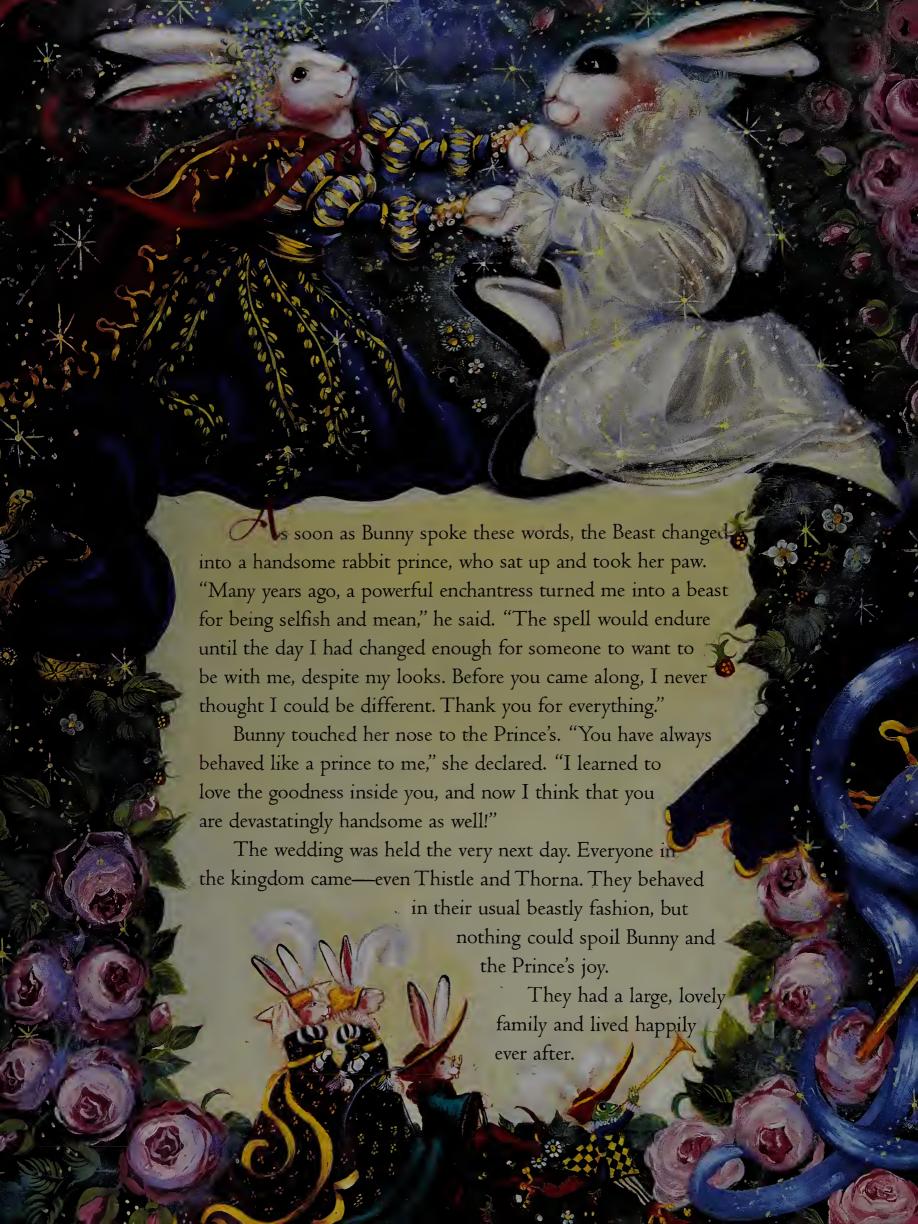
















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